

## CHARIVARIA.

Too much has been made by newspaper humorists of the Suffragist who threw a pot of paint at the Home Office and missed it. She hit Whitehall—which, in our opinion, is very fair marksmanship for a woman.

We have read a great deal about these lightning waiters' strikes. Now let us see some of these lightning waiters.

Fined for disorderly conduct in the street, two young men pleaded that they were ratepayers and had a right to sing and dance. That they should have had the cheerfulness to do so, with rates as high as they are, is a sign that the bull-dog breed has not yet died out.

Ever since the prisoner at Bow Street asked to be allowed to go to Pentonville prison instead of to Brixton, on the ground that the former institution's cells were healthier and airier, the conceit of the Pentonville warders has become, according to our local correspondent, perfectly insufferable.

The notion that Chinese plays are of tremendous length, lasting for several weeks, is ridiculed by an authority at the British Museum. Some Chinese curtain-raisers, we believe, barely last into the third day.

The Rush of Life in the North. Two reporters were the only persons present at a recent vestry meeting at Huddersfield.

A patent asphyxiating revolver has been invented by the Paris police for use in moments of emergency. It emits "a thick and acrid smoke, which causes those in its neighbourhood to sneeze and weep, half-suffocated." We fancy we know the identical cigar which first gave the inventor his idea.

Only one point remains to be cleared up in the matter of that Hampstead water. A resident in Belsize Park described it as smelling like a geranium; while a denizen of Greencroft Gardens says, "It smelt like paraffin." Has Hampstead succeeded in growing a special paraffin-perfumed geranium?

Hampstead, however, is not to have it all its own way. It is stated that the water supplied by the Coggeshall and Kelvedon Waterworks, of Braintree, has a milky appearance, is slightly effervescent, cures rheumatism and kills plants. Water nowadays can do practically everything except talk.

According to a Vienna paper, the chief duties of an officer's soldier-servant are, in time of peace, to wash dogs; and, in time of war, to kill flies and mosquitoes. Peace hath her victories no less than war.

Burglars in Chelsea last week visited

and liars. This sort of thing is all very well in Parliament, but intolerable in a real business concern.

The Irish day by day. At Guildford a man has been offering his services as honorary secretary at a salary of £26 a year; and in Nashville, Tennessee, when the judge, following the annual custom, released all Irish prisoners on St. Patrick's day, several negroes put in a claim for liberty on the ground that they were Irish.

Porridge, says a contemporary, is disappearing in Scotland. We have noticed it do so, especially at the breakfast-hour.

For posting a bill advertising the Suffragettes' Self-Denial Week on a pillar-box, a woman at West Ham has denied herself twenty shillings and four shillings costs.

Mexico may have its little troubles, but it has still one claim to be considered as an earthly paradise. It contains a town of 10,000 inhabitants where there is no moving-picture palace.

## CRACKED QUATRAINS.

(The title to be said rapidly nine times before proceeding.)

For me, my faith is always pinned  
To simple folk who call it  
wind.

It shows a high-falutin mind  
To go and gas about the  
wind.

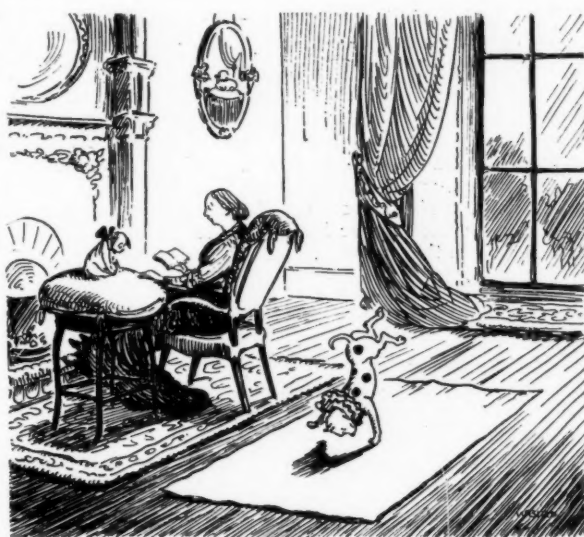
When we and John combine in chorus,  
We make a sound we call sonorous.  
You cannot really care for John or us,  
If you insist on saying sonorous.

It is a boon to busy men  
To say that simple word again.  
If you have time to strive and strain,  
You may prefer to say again.

He's not attractive, as a rule,  
The grisly Oriental ghoul;  
But, if you'd like him doubly foul,  
You've only got to call him ghoul.

I do not care a crooked pin  
About the British Philistine;  
And yet he is not such a swine  
That we must call him Philistine.

I asked the maid in dulcet tone  
To order me a toasted scone.  
The silly maid has been and gone  
And ordered me a toasted scone.



THE AGE OF LUXURY;  
or, What we are Coming to.

EMPLOYING A PERFORMING DOG TO AMUSE YOUR DOG.

a house in Camera Square and removed a fumed oak dining-room suite, a pink silk and rosewood drawing-room suite, a bedroom suite, a piano, a sideboard, a table and some chairs, pictures, china, linen, clothing and silver. They then, says the report, left the house. They did leave that.

"European civilisation," says Mr. SETHANATHA VENKATARAMANI, in an article on the Coromandel fishermen, "has as yet made little or no mark on these humble men." Coromandel fishermen are writing to enquire how Mr. VENKATARAMANI squares this statement with his remark later on in the article that they are "awful drunkards."

At a recent company meeting, proceedings broke up in confusion owing to those present calling each other cads

## BRIGHTER CRICKET.

"You heard me quite well, Mary. Cricket. That was what I said. I shall take up cricket again. No, I'm not a bit too old. Nobody is. You can have all sorts of cricket, you know, Mary. There's the cricket you teach your children, and there's village cricket, which was once played on village greens with the Squire and the Rector looking on and all the boys joining in the sport, and the blacksmith (there was always a blacksmith) hitting three or four almighty swipes and then getting bowled by a silly lob; and there's school cricket and club cricket, and country-house cricket, and county cricket, and university cricket, and lots of other cricket—soldiers' cricket and sailors' cricket. Doesn't it make you think of hot days, and the jolly smell of the pads, and the crisp grass, and the taste of shandy-gaff out of a long glass? Don't say shandy-gaff's not your tippie, Mary. It's really everybody's tippie, and you'll learn to like it some day. Bless me, how it gurgles down!

"Mary, I hit an eight once. I give you my sacred word of honour I did—fully run out it was and no overthrows. Don't ask me how I did it. Nobody knows how he does these things. They just happen. This happened in a House match at school. I suppose the ball picked out the one place on the bat and the bat got the ball on the very nick, and away it went and away we went, and before the ball got to the wicket we'd run eight. That's the sort of memory that'll stay you up when you come to your last gasp and wonder if you couldn't have done things better.

"There was a chap at Cambridge—Smith was his name; it really was—and whenever I hear the word 'Fenner's' I can see him quite plainly walking about with his quick step and hear him shouting out, 'Card of the match, gentlemen.' It all comes over me like a dream. I wonder if he's at it still. Perhaps he's selling cards for some great match in the Elysian fields. We were all young then, Mary, and we took things as they came, and we didn't mind sitting and watching and watching, for it's the best game in the world to watch.

"What do they want to brighten cricket for? Cricket isn't an old tin-can or a musical comedy or a pleasant Sunday afternoon. Cricket's a jolly deliberate affair, with good sound rules for keeping it so and preventing the hustlers from getting hold of it and ruining it. Cricket's like life. It spreads out and you've time to turn round in it and room to take your ease and look forward to things. It bores you, does it? That just proves how right it is. You want thrills and shocks and ecstasies and corybantic dances—but that's just what you won't get in cricket, thank heaven. Yes, you're quite right. You have heard me mention COBDEN and his three wickets at the end of the match, but that was an exception. You can't arrange a team to be all Cobdens, and if you could you wouldn't get your thrills all the time. Besides, you couldn't stand it if you had it all vicissitudes of that kind.

"But I'll tell you another thing. Cricket's one of our few surviving English institutions. When you're travelling abroad and think of England what comes into your mind? I'll mention one or two things. There's breakfast—fried soles and bacon and eggs with marmalade to top up with. There's wearing knickerbockers and comfortable boots in the country. There's going to the Derby. It doesn't matter a bit if you've never gone to Epsom in your life. When you're abroad you'll begin to think of the Derby as one of the things worth seeing. I've seen a meek little Professor in Constantinople simply pining for the Derby. And then there's cricket—you can't transplant it. Frenchmen and Germans and Russians won't play it, but it suits

us, with its profoundly interesting tediousness, its science, its skill, its clean neatness, its white flannels and its smooth green turf. Down with all nonsense about brightening it, say I."

## A LURCHER.

ALL along the moorland road a caravan there comes  
Where the piping curlew whistles and the jacksnipe drums;

And a long lean dog

At a sling jig-jog,

A poacher to his eyelids as are all the lurcher clan,  
Follows silent as a shadow and as clever as a man.

His master on the splashboard, oh, of ancient race he is,  
He came down out of Egypt, as did all the Romanys;

With the hard hawk face

Of an old king race,

His hair is black and snaky and his cheek is brown as tea,  
And pyramids and poacher-dogs are made by such as he!

Now the dog he looks as pious as the beak upon the bench,  
But he'll pounce and pick a hare up, and he'll kill her  
with a wrench,

Or he'll sneak around a rick

And bring back a turkey chick,

And you'll wonder how they got him all his cockalories  
fakes;

Well, his master comes of people who turned walking-sticks  
to snakes!

There was once a god in Egypt, when the gods they first  
began,

With the muzzle of a lurcher on the body of a man;

But the Pharaoh of to-day

He has changed the ancient way,

And has found him a familiar by his caravan to jog,

With the headpiece of a human on the body of a dog!

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

## THE DOG VIOLETS.

ONCE upon a time there was a patch of dog violets growing on a bank in March. They were very beautiful but they had no scent, and the country people, knowing this, passed them by. Day after day the flowers heard scornful remarks about themselves. "They're only dog violets," said one of the knowing country people. "Don't bother about them," said another. "I know where there's real violets," said a third; "come on!" And since no one likes to be overlooked and despised, even though attention should mean destruction, the dog violets were very unhappy. "As if perfume was everything!" they said; while one of them went so far as to declare that she always found the scent of the other kind of violet overpowering. "A strong scent is so vulgar," she added. "Yes," said another, "and so are rich colours. Pale tints are much more artistic."

One day the princess came driving along in her gold coach from the royal city near by, and seeing the patch of flowers on the bank she gave orders for the carriage to stop. "Oh, how beautiful!" she said, for, being a princess, she had never seen violets growing before; she had seen only tiger-lilies and camellias and smilax and Maréchal Niels. "How beautiful!" she cried as her lord chamberlain brought her a great bunch. "They're only dog violets," he said, for he was well versed in all lore; "they have no scent." "The darlings!" she cried. "It wouldn't matter if they had, I've got such an awful cold;" and she pressed them to her white bosom, where in an ineffable rapture of pride and content they swooned away.



### A MODEST REQUEST.

JOHN BULL. "I'VE JUST BEEN READING FOUR VOLUMES ABOUT YOUR KIND HEART; AND NOW, BY WAY OF PROVING IT, CAN'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING OFF MY INCOME-TAX?"







## WARDING OFF THE SPRING FROSTS.

*Helpmate.* "I'VE BROUGHT YOUR PYJAMAS FOR THE ASPARAGUS BED, JACK."

## A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a man called James Carmichael, and he was a miser. Like all misers, he could not help it; but, unlike most misers, he was not really very rich, for he was *too* careful. He saved everything, even tram-tickets, which he used as book-markers, and old envelopes, on which he wrote letters to people who did not matter. He had an office high up in a big building; it was very small and he had only a few clerks to help him; when there was any more work to do he did it himself.

Now it happened that some people who were sorry for old bachelors asked James Carmichael to dinner on Christmas Day, and as this did not cost him anything he went. He disliked it very much at first, but in the end he quite enjoyed it, and when he got home he fell asleep in his chair. And while he was asleep a dwarf appeared and talked to him. The dwarf was very cheerful and very rude, and he would not go away until James Carmichael

had given him a promise. The promise was that for a whole week he would be kind to the people whom he disliked most, and the people he disliked most were Travellers, who used to come to his office and try to sell him things which he did not want. He hated these people so much that he was frightened of them; they were never allowed to see him, and there was a brass plate on the office door telling them to go away. But when he went back to the office after Christmas he had the brass plate taken down, and the Travellers soon began to come in.

On the first day he bought a typewriter and three bunches of lavender and a packet of hooks to hang coats and hats on; on the second day a lady sold him enough soap to last the office for a year, and he had to give a lot of Christmas-boxes and subscriptions.

He found that when these people came in and made speeches to him, he could not refuse them; he bought an atlas, and two waste-paper baskets, and a directory. So it went on, until on New Year's Eve a little rosy-

cheeked man in a shiny top-hat made him insure his life.

He had never insured his life before, but the rosy-cheeked man made such a beautiful speech that he insured for five thousand pounds. Then he put back the brass plate, and one day not long afterwards he fell ill and died. James Carmichael was my uncle, and I was his only relation. . . .

Rather a sad little story, is it not? And if I happen to have told it to you before—as a basis for negotiating a temporary loan—you will be sorry to hear that it really is a fairy tale.

## A Howler from Buxton.

"The weight of Goliath's shield was 200 freckles."

"London is as dead as the proverbial doornail this week-end, as practically everybody who could manage it is away for the Easter holiday. . . . The Easter holiday this year may be fitly described as a stay-at-home one. . . . At most of the London termini there were loud complaints of unparalleled Easter inactivity."—*Continental Daily Mail*.

And so our contemporary's search for truth goes on.

### ANTI-TOUCHSTONES.

THE novel advertising device of an enterprising firm of furnisners, each departmental manager of which describes the merits of his particular department and offers his personal guarantee of its excellence, has been usefully extended, since surely the man who directs a concern is the man who knows most about it and is the most to be believed. The clown in *As You Like It* says, "A poor thing, but my own;" the carpet and bedstead and other managers say, "My own, and perfect." The tendency to adopt the latter course being so much more natural than *Touchstone's* diffident attitude, it is no wonder that the furnisners' lead has been followed.

#### I.

Unaccustomed as I am to public writing I cannot refrain from taking up my pen to give you my word of honour that my little shop is the best there is.

(Signed)  
JOHN SMITH.

#### II.

As head of the Opposition Snap Division Department I wish the information to become widely spread that my aim is accurate and my arm powerful, while the advantage that my great height gives me should not be overlooked. When there is no book handy or no Government face near enough, I am prepared to shout with the best, and in short to do anything that is humanly possible to let the other side know how unpopular they are, how unconstitutional their conduct, and how august an assembly we all are in.

(Signed) RONALD McNEILL.

#### III.

Nothing is more important than to know with whom you are entrusting your turf commissions, especially in a country where gambling is discountenanced by law, and let me therefore describe myself minutely. I have a noble brow much of the shape of an egg, marked by philanthropy, self-sacrifice and open-handedness. My eyes are dark, tender and true; my nose is the soul of honour; my mouth is strong and firm and benevolent; my hands are incapable of taking in money, my one delight being to pay it out.

Lastly, my name is Ernest Vansittart Goodman. "No limit" is my motto, and I never question a telegram or postmark; so send your commissions to me.

(Signed)

ERNEST VANSITTART GOODMAN.

#### IV.

As Postmaster-General I should like to say that a degree of efficiency has been reached in my department beyond which it would be unsafe to go. Being the head, I not only ought to know but do know. We have everything that the public can want. We have a fine assortment of stamps at all prices and in all colours, covered with gum on the back so as to be easily

arranging little surprises for my countrymen, my one idea being to keep them from getting *blasé*. This Easter, it may be recalled by some of my readers, I was in exceptionally good form. If anyone doubts it I would say, Where is Worthing pier? But naturally I had to be very thoughtful and thorough, if only as a reminder to those in authority that Easter must never be so early again. I flatter myself that those four days were among the best I have ever engineered. The wind, the rain, the cold—weren't they all of the highest quality? Trusting then that you will continue to allow me to work these little matters for you, I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

THE CLERK OF THE  
WEATHER.

### THE TWO WAYS.

[“O you'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the lowroad.”—*Old Song*.]

THAT Millichamp lives in London and I don't is a matter of no importance whatever, but the fact nevertheless leads him to adopt an irritating attitude of parental responsibility when I pay him a visit. I, though two years his senior, am a mere provincial, you understand, while he is the complete townsman.

Especially when we are engaged in such pastimes as Dodging the Dray and Missing the Motor-bus does his fussy concern for

my safety become positively indecent. One would indeed imagine on such occasions that traffic was unknown outside London.

Just now I am spending a few days in town, and yesterday Millichamp balanced himself on the edge of the pavement in one of the busiest parts of the City, waiting an opportunity to dive over to the other side of the road, while I stood expectantly behind him. The unbroken stream of vehicles surged by for a long time and I decided to leave him, but though I was not there to see it all I know exactly what followed.

At last a chance came. “Now we can manage it,” cried Millichamp. “Stick close behind me, old chap. Do exactly what I do and you'll be all right.” With that he plunged into the street.

“Look out there!” he exclaimed. “Mind that taxi. . . . That's right. . . .



P.C. X123 (knocked down by motor-car—confusedly). “Y-YOU’VE G-GOT MY NUMBER!”

affixed to envelopes. Any customer not liking any of the patterns has but to ask for me. We have a series of sub-post-offices all over the country, thoughtfully if not sumptuously furnished, and staffed by as handsome and obliging and alacritous young men and women as can be seen outside the musical-comedy stage. Our lead pencils are the wonder of the world and are in such demand that they have to be chained to the desks; our blotting-paper will blot anything. In short, we are perfect.

(Signed) HERBERT SAMUEL.

#### V.

Nothing but unremitting toil and vigilance could bring about such results as my department is constantly achieving, and I trust that my share in them will not be overlooked. Day and night, early and late, I am at my post,



## A GOOD SEND-OFF.

Collector (to airman, going up in risky weather to please public). "SUBSCRIBE TO THE AMBULANCE, SIR?"

Stick close to me. . . . Don't be frightened, old chap. . . . We shall do it nicely. . . . Look out for that van. . . . Take hold of my coat-tail, if you like. . . . Whatever you do, stick close to me.

"Wait for that car to go past!" he shouted. "Stick close to me. . . . Stop a bit for that 'bus. . . . Now. . . . Here we are!"—and he bounded on to the opposite pavement and looked round for his charge.

His face became chalky. "Good heavens!" he muttered thickly. "What can have happened?"

Then I touched him on the shoulder. "Here you are at last," I said cheerily. "I've been waiting here for you quite a long time."

"My dear fellow," he cried, "how on earth did you contrive to get here? I was scared to death; I thought you'd been run down."

"Oh, I came by the subway," I explained lightly. "It's so much simpler, you know."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said he. "I've lived in London a good many years, but I never thought of doing that."

## CONFESSIONS OF WEAKNESS.

THE gifted writer who presides over the "Office Window" of *The Daily Chronicle* has been discussing the curious fears of men who are accounted fearless. "Personally," he observes, "with no pretence to special bravery, I would rather grapple with a mad dog than take in my hand a live sparrow or any such harmless animal that—squirms."

As the result of inquiries addressed to a number of intrepid and eminent public characters, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to lay before his readers the following interesting revelations of idiosyncrasy—

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes: "In spite of the views of a recent musical essayist in *The Times*, I would rather face a mad bull with no other weapon than a tuning-fork than listen for five minutes to a Rag-time march."

SIR HENRY HOWORTH sends a long communication on the subject which we have been obliged to condense. The gist of it is that he would rather grapple single-handed with a mammoth than write a letter to *The Times* containing fewer than 2000 words.

M. PADEREWSKI wires from Moscow to the effect that he would infinitely prefer to leap from the summit of the Eiffel Tower than entrust his *chevelure* to the mercies of a strange hairdresser.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., in a characteristic phrase observes that he would sooner be seen dead with JOHN REDMOND at a pig-fair than abandon the policy of the All-for-Ireland League.

MR. GRAHAME WHITE states that he would rather go up in an untried aeroplane in a blizzard than miss an interview in the press.

Finally, SIR ALFRED MOND declares that sooner than live in England under a Tariff Reform régime, he would emigrate to Tierra del Fuego and cast in his lot with the cannibal tribes who infest that dismal neighbourhood.

## Things Emerson didn't write.

"The great man who once wrote, 'Give me health and a dog and I will laugh the pomp of Emperors to scorn,' wanted to teach an elementary lesson."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

Every morning as we feel our pulse, our dachshund watches us anxiously, wondering if it is one of our pomp-scorning days.



## PREMATURE PROGRESS.

("Δαφνίς ἔβα πῶν")

(Drivers and conductors of the horse tramways at Oxford went on strike on Easter Monday for improved working conditions).

FROM change to moving change the world goes on,  
Even at Carfax nothing keeps the same,  
For Daphnis is not—Daphnis, who would ply,  
Urging his antic trolley fleet as flame,  
His prancing coursers up and down the High  
Unwearyingly, is gone;  
Evanished! only now the casual bike,  
The hansom and the taxi throng the Corn;  
Rusted the metal tracks, the grooves forlorn,  
For Daphnis and his friends are out on strike.

Runs it not here, the route from Cowley Road?  
And oft-times punters on the flowery Cher,  
Lifting their hands to wipe away a midge,  
Have watched the progress of his stately car  
Mounting the steep ascent to Magdalen Bridge;  
And oft with joyous load  
Of married dons have we beheld it fill  
(Speaking just now of the North Oxford branch)  
Or emptying from its top an avalanche  
Of female undergrads from Somerville.

But sudden on a morn of wind-swept March,  
When term was o'er and all the men were down,  
And daffodils were selling fairly cheap  
But sparselier bloomed the academic gown,  
Something aroused the tramcars from their sleep.  
They stopped—they stuck like starch:  
A rumour went upon the breeze, a cry  
Of things that happen here in London town,  
And each conductor mused, his punch laid down,  
They blooming well strike: blooming well strike I.

Too swift reformer! wherefore art thou out?  
Soon shall the high mechanic pumps come on,  
Electric road-cars with suspended wires  
The business tutor and the commerce don,  
The hurrying Change that echces and perspires,  
And stocks in flagrant rout;  
Then shalt thou learn what labour movements are  
And hope to paralyse our industries,  
Mass-meetings underneath the Wychwood trees  
And full reports in the pink evening *Star*.

Till then forbear: our feverish unions spurn,  
As some grave scholar in his morning sheet  
Espies an education paragraph  
Saying the classic tongues are now effete,  
And hands it, smiling, to his better half:  
And both without concern  
Resume their breakfast of uncrumpling eggs  
Like fallen blossoms in the bacon's shade,  
Pass and repass the amber marmalade  
And drain the immortal coffee to its dregs,

So thou too, Daphnis, to thy task again!  
Emerge and travel on the dreaming rails,  
And trot the unpermitted lorry out  
When morning lights the sky or evening pales  
Still bearing the indomitable scout;  
Shake out once more thy rein,  
And snatch the platform and resume thy load  
Of lady shoppers from the muslin marts  
And young light-hearted Masters of the Arts  
And set them down upon the Banbury Road. EVOE.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

(By Our Tame Twaddler.)

Sir Castor Royle, the famous sportsman author, recently made a remarkable journey to the basin of the Bongo. He and his comrades passed through the gorge of Umpi as well as the impenetrable forests of Gobolu, inhabited by cannibal pygmies, gorillas and cuneiform quaggas. Sir Castor has written a charming account of his experiences under the title, *How I Became a Cannibal*. The book will be shortly published by the firm of Mandible and Champ, but cannot be recommended to persons with weak digestions—at least so says Mr. Goodleigh Champ, who is a man of iron constitution.

The interesting series of articles on the golf-links of Tibet, which recently appeared in *The Chimes*, will shortly be published in book form by PUTTMANS. In an interesting preface the author, Mr. Isaac Newton, explains how, when he was commissioned by the editor to go to Tibet to write about its golf-links, he expressed some scepticism as to whether they existed at all, but that the Editor cheerily reassured him at once by saying, "What matter? You can always fall back on the GRAND LAMA." As it turned out, golf is strictly forbidden by the municipal authorities in Lhasa, but this did not prevent Mr. Isaac Newton from writing a series of breezy letters on the costume, poetry and cookery of the country. Mr. Newton has added fresh lustre to the somewhat tarnished laurels of his forgotten ancestor.

The Grand Duke Melchior is about to join the ranks of golfing *littérateurs*. For some years past he has kept an accurate record of every game he has played, with the number of strokes to each hole, witty remarks made by his caddies, etc., and these narratives, profusely illustrated with snapshots by the Grand Duchess, have now been embodied in a volume with the attractive title, *From 150 to 100; or, How I Brought My Handicap Down to 20*. Being a strictly veracious man the Grand Duke has not refrained from giving the oburgations and expletives wrung from him in moments of anguish, but in deference to the feelings of the gentle reader these are all printed in Russian characters.

Mr. Phil. Jungsen, the famous author of *Essays of a Quick Luncher*, *The Shingles of Pain*, and other books that count, has written a philosophical treatise which Chickweeds will soon issue under the title of *The Life Precious*, in which the writer maintains that self-respect can be maintained only by those who have mastered the art of expressing themselves with serenity, clarity and pontifical finality. Mr. Roland Chickweed, in an open letter to the Press, affirms that the book has moved him to frequent tears; and to any one who knows that redoubtable publisher the assertion speaks volumes for the soul-shaking quality of Mr. Jungsen's prose. The volume will be bound in limp moleskin and will contain a portrait of the author in fancy dress as Caesar Borgia.

Mr. Lemuel Poff, to whom we shall be always grateful for his vivid romance, *The Man with the Single Spat*, has completed a new novel which the Odds will shortly publish under the alluring title of *The Rotters*. Mr. Odder, who ought to know, declares that it is the most arresting study of miasmatic decadence that has yet appeared in English. Mr. Poff, it should be remembered, is the author of that memorable reply to a critic who begged him to abstain from excessive realism. "Why," he gaily observed, "all my books are Bowdlerized—or at least Baudelaized."



## RESOURCE.

(How Miss Browne, whose simple appearance attracted too much attention, made herself inconspicuous at Monte Carlo.)





"I SHOULDN'T CRY IF I WERE YOU, LITTLE MAN."

"MUST DO SUMPING; I BEAN'T OLD ENOUGH TO SWEAR."

### THE TURNCOAT.

SMOOTH as spun silk old Nilus gleamed,  
The palms, the huts were sleeping,  
When suddenly I all but screamed—  
*Part of my shoe was creeping!*  
'Twas a chameleon, glossy black  
To match the shoe, with traces  
Of diaper upon his back,  
A meshed and interwoven track  
To represent the laces!

He left my shoe and crossed my sock;  
I chuckled, "That 'll trouble you!  
That sharp steel-blue, that netted clock  
Crowned with a golden W.,  
Which stands for 'William,' do you  
see?"

'Twas her fair hand that neatly  
Embroidered it in filigree—" "  
I gasped in sheer amazement; he  
Had matched the thing completely!

"A mug's game this," he seemed to  
sigh;  
"Haven't you something harder?"  
Then spied my tweeds, and instantly  
Came scrambling up with ardour;

Those tweeds, each thread of which  
betrays  
The Hebridean crofter,  
Whose craft alone might blend that  
mazo  
Of filny greens and silver-greys,  
Like lichen'd rocks (but softer).

"Come now," he muttered, changing  
fast,  
"We've left the kindergarden;  
Here's something worth my while at  
last,  
Almost as good as tartan."  
Then all his limbs together drew  
And passed into a coma,  
Whence slowly, gradually grew  
Each separate thread and line and hue—  
Even the peat aroma!

With all an artist's calm delight  
He turned to view the colour—  
This grey perhaps a thought too bright?  
At once he made it duller.  
Then with an eye that gleamed with zest  
He turned towards me—"Now, Sir,  
Pray tell me, could the very best  
Tailor in all your woolly West  
Have better matched that trouser?"

Hard by there lay a *Morning Post*.  
There, on a speech of CARSON,  
I set him down amid the host  
Of threats of blood and arson.  
"Now watch," I cried, "what he will do;  
Mark how the little fellow  
Will take the authentic Orange hue,  
And all his loyal back imbrue  
With Ulster's splendid yellow."

His foot was near to "Toe the line!"  
His tail ran down to "Traitor!"  
A back-bench interjection—"Swine!"—  
Was hard by his equator.  
The change began, a mingled sheen,  
Warm hues that, growing cooler,  
At length let all his back be seen  
One blatant and detested GREEN—  
He was a vile Home Ruler!

"When the Duke of Wellington in 1859 was  
calling attention to England's defenceless con-  
dition, just as Lord Roberts is calling attention  
to a similar state of things to-day, Kendal  
supplied a rifle corps in next to no time."  
*Evening News.*

We must all rejoice that LORD ROBERTS  
is not so handicapped as was the Duke  
of WELLINGTON in 1859.



Bernard Partridge.

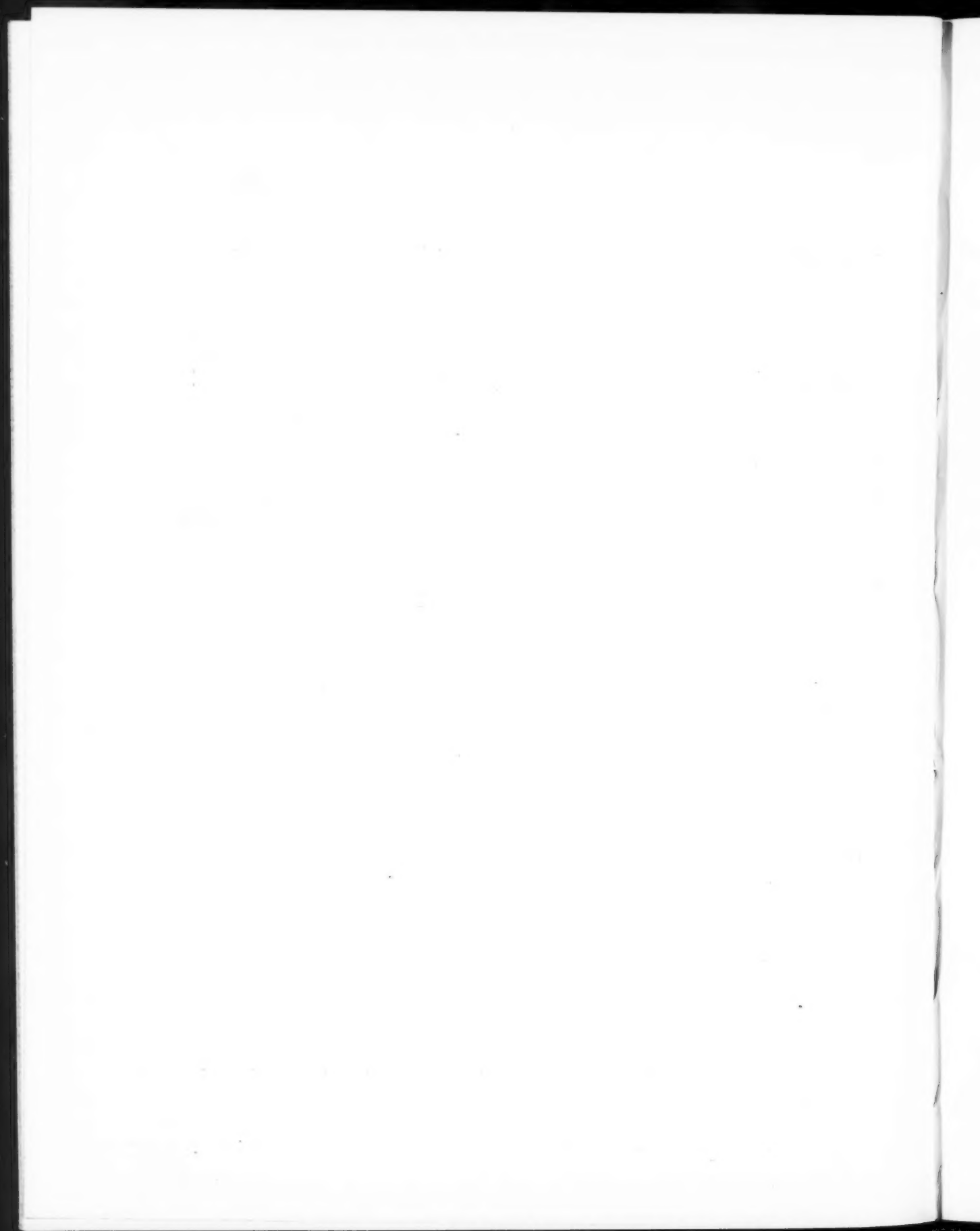
### SETTLED.

DAME EUROPA. "YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST TROUBLESOME BOY IN THE SCHOOL. NOW GO AND CONSOLIDATE YOURSELF."

TURKEY. "PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

DAME EUROPA. "IT MEANS GOING INTO THAT CORNER—AND STOPPING THERE!"

[Sir EDWARD GREY, in the House of Commons, has expressed the hope that Turkey will now confine its energies to consolidating itself in Asia Minor.]





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



## A QUIET DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

*House of Commons, Easter Monday.*—Whilst London makes holiday at Hampstead and eke at Greenwich the faithful Commons, like the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creep unwillingly to school at Westminster. Story set afloat that the Opposition have arranged ambush, meaning at unexpected moment to swoop down and defeat Government on snap division. Only their fun. Fair muster on Ministerial Benches; Opposition camp practically deserted.

Notable absence discovered when, on looking towards the Chair, Members find it occupied by DEPUTY SPEAKER. Universal sorrow on hearing explanation that the SPEAKER has met with motor accident, spraining his right wrist and compelling temporary retirement. Nasty accident, but does not chill glow of native humour. SARK tells me that since coming down to House he has received a note from SPEAKER's house, evidently dictated. By the typed signature JAMES LOWTHER is written "his mark."

As SARK says, not the first time this been done. Mr. LOWTHER made his mark long ago as Chairman of Committees, cutting it deeper when he came to the Chair. No light task to

sustain traditions of that lofty pedestal. Success requires possession of rare qualities seldom centred in an individual. Mr. LOWTHER, occasionally tried in difficult circumstances suddenly sprung upon the Chair, has never been found wanting.

In spite of slack attendance (perhaps by reason of it) great stroke of business accomplished. First Order of Day, Report of Vote on Account for trifle exceeding thirty-four million sterling for Civil Service and Revenue Departments. Vote for reduction formally moved with object of raising debate on various Labour questions. Not pressed to a division and money asked for granted.

Army votes came next, making provision for 185,600 men of all ranks comprising land forces. Bit of a breeze between JOYNSON-HICKS and WAR MINISTER on subject of aeroplanes. After long silence under charges of traitorous neglect of National safety in matter of military aviation, SEELY the other day confounded hostile critics by plain tale showing that so far from being behind other nations in this respect the country is for its own special purposes actually ahead of possible rivals. For a while this gave pause to patriots rooted in conviction

that in no conceivable circumstances can their own country chance to be on the right path.

To-night JOYNSON-HICKS out again on the old hunt. SEELY stated that the Service had at its command 101 aeroplanes of the highest capacity and efficiency.

"Yes," said JOYNSON-HICKS shrewdly, "but can they fly?"

For a moment this inquiry cast damper over House. DURNING-LAWRENCE, looking on from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, remembered that in line of thought and turn of phrase it is not quite original. In slightly differing form BACON used it in a famous scene from *King Henry IV*.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," *Glendower* boasted.

"But will they come when you do call for them?" retorted practical-minded *Hotspur*. (War Office has at command 101 flying machines. But can they fly?)

Confidence re-established by SEELY's emphatic reply and vote agreed to without division.

*Business done.*—A good deal.

**Tuesday.**—Colonel WESTON, newly returned for Kendal, presented himself to take oath and seat. Caution of old campaigner indicated by fact that

he selected for bodyguard two of the tallest, most stalwart Members. Circumstances of his election peculiar. Standing as Candidate wearing the colours of a Party which, as Lord DERBY said the other day, is firmly re-united on Tariff Reform question, he declared himself a Free Trader, and was straightway renounced by the Party Organisation. His reception consequently dubious in anticipation.

Walking up to Table between CAVENDISH BENTINCK and SANDERSON—Duke of York Columns of the Unionist Party—his figure, unduly stunted by contrast, was at least safe. When thus escorted he crossed the Bar, there burst forth a demonstration without parallel in memory of oldest Member. The COLONEL had not only beaten off the Liberal Candidate, but had increased the Unionist majority. Following ordinary practice, here was established claim to a Party welcome even warmer than ordinary.

Opposition remained ominously dumb. Uncanny silence was, after almost imperceptible pause, broken by hilarious burst of cheering from the Ministerialists, echoed from benches below Gangway opposite crowded by Irish Nationalists. Cheering, mingled with laughter, continued during the march to the Table; renewed when new Member was introduced to SPEAKER and retired to find a place among the silent ranks of the Opposition.

CLERK OF THE HOUSE unexpectedly rounded off excellent bit of fooling. As soon as Member for Kendal disappeared Orders of the Day were called on. Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, rising, named the first on list—

"Mental Deficiency Bill."

This one of those little jokes whose subtlety, inexplicable to outsiders, hugely delights Members. To attempt to dissect it would be hopeless. There it was. Renewed roar of laughter burst forth. Joined in by Opposition, it exceeded in heartiness what had gone before.

*Business done.*—Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time. FOREIGN SECRETARY seized opportunity of making important statement heralding speedy settlement of War in the Balkans.

*Wednesday.*—"Such larks," as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip in their confidential chats.

House met in anticipation of hearing the WINSOME WINSTON expound his Naval policy for forthcoming year. Benches crowded, notably on Opposition side. Before WINSTON rose Ministers thought it well to get the Consolidated Fund Bill through Committee stage. A mere formality. Opposition had had full run on Second

Reading. So with light heart House got into Committee.

"Clause I," said the Chairman. "The question is that Clause I. stand part of the Bill."

Ministerialists hardly took the trouble to cry "Yes!" Of course it would be agreed to, seeing that it is the operative clause without which the Bill must be dropped and the whole services of the State, civil and military, come to a standstill. Sharp on the perfunctory "Yes!" of Ministerialists followed thunderous cry of "No!" from the massed ranks in Opposition.



The new boy from Kendal.

Sudden light broke over Treasury Bench. Trapped again! Opposition evidently mustered in full number. Ministerialists, not suspecting danger, were at the moment actually in a minority. If division were forthwith taken the Government would be defeated, and must go, carrying with them the tottered fabric of their iniquitous schemes.

BOOTH, fresh from protecting ATTORNEY - GENERAL in Committee Room from attack by DENNISON FABER, saved the situation. If division could be delayed for half-an-hour, even fifteen minutes, the straggling stream of Ministerialists would add sufficient force to swamp the Opposition.

Even as he spoke, amid useful interruption which undesignedly helped to serve his purpose, it seemed it was already achieved. ILLINGWORTH, running in from Whips' room, was understood to bring tidings that the majority was assured. "To mak siccar," as the Scottish chieftain explained when he went back

to thrust his dirk in the throat of the king's enemy already slain, MASTERMAN rose to add a few words. Interposition met by angry cries from gentlemen opposite who saw their triumph slipping away. These merged in roar of execration when MASTERMAN scornfully alluded to "some things too discreditable even for a discredited Opposition."

There followed uproarious scene, ended by a division which gave the Government, but lately in extreme peril, a majority of 39.

After this it was something of an anti-climax for MOORE of North Armagh to get suspended for describing action of MASTERMAN as "a piece of disgraceful trickery," and for ALBERT MARKHAM, not to be out of the joy-ride, to beseech honourable gentlemen opposite "not to make the House of Commons into a pot-house."

On successive divisions Government majority ran up to 113 and 133. Order reigned in Westminster. But eight o'clock had struck when, in a comparatively thin House, WINSTON rose to make his long-expected speech.

*Business done.*—Consolidated Fund Bill passed through Committee and Report stages. FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY explained Navy Votes.

### "SING A SONG OF—"

(From the Treble-Dutch)

[*"The directors of the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie in Langkat, Sumatra, have declared a first interim dividend of one taal per share."*—Daily Express.]

ONCE to cut a little dash

Uncle James—unlike Papa tenacious grown of hoarded cash—

Flung his savings in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynboschen Landbouwexploitatie.

"Soon, I hope," cries George, "we'll wed!"

Listen!—Kate, beside her ma, tea Over, waits and hears it said,

"I've a holding in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynboschen Landbouwexploitatie.

Odd—our whims! As Aunt and friend, Golfing near their German spa, tee Up, dear Aunt resolves to send

At once for holdings in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Uncle trills a joyous lay;

George, with lover-like (ha! ha!) temerity, demands "the day."

Auntie's rich. All thank the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.



*Bee-master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which has stung him). "Ah! YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT; THE BEE WILL DIE NOW. YOU SHOULD HAVE HELPED HER TO EXTRACT HER STING, WHICH IS SPIRALLY BARBED, BY GENTLY TURNING HER ROUND AND ROUND."*

*Pupil. "ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU, BUT HOW DO I KNOW WHICH WAY SHE UNSCREWS?"*

### THE ADDRESS.

HAROLD is one of the very worst imbeciles I have ever met.

I don't say this merely because I happen to live with him, but after a long course of infallible proofs.

My friend Mrs. Weston gives dances, but in other respects she is quite nice. I dined there three weeks ago and was secured for one of her dances. As I was going away, she said:

"Can you bring another man with you?"

I thought a moment. "Yes," I said, "I will bring Harold, alive or dead."

"Give me his name and address, then, and I'll send him a card."

Harold believes that he has given up dancing. When he received the card he looked as if his past had risen and struck him in the face. When I explained, I thought he was going to do the same for me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I've promised you now."

"You talk as if you were my god-fathers and godmothers," he said bitterly.

"No," I said, "only your fairy god-mother. One man can't do everything; but I assure you both Mrs.

Weston and her dances are charming, and as for the supper, *recherché* isn't the word for it."

"I'm glad of that," said Harold, "for it is a bad word."

Finally he consented to go.

I spent the next ten days asking Harold whether he had answered the invitation. On the eleventh he actually began toying with some notepaper. I was just going out when this occurred, but I stayed to dictate a nice apologetic little note about his having just got back from Switzerland, and wrap it up in a neat envelope.

As I went out he shouted after me: "What's the address?"

Our cards had been lost and I have never remembered an address in my life. I have only one answer to such questions.

"Look it up," I said, "in the Telephone Directory."

When I came back he had an air of guilty self-satisfaction.

"Did you post that letter, Harold?" I asked sternly.

"I did," said Harold.

Some days later I found a letter on Harold's plate from the KING. It was marked "Returned Postal Packet."

Harold came down at last; and his

face as he opened it was a study of innocent wonderment.

"Gracious!" he said. "Look at that!"

He handed the contents to me, and I looked. It was a rather tired-looking letter addressed as follows:—

MRS. WESTON,  
94023 Post Office  
HAMPSTEAD.

Harold did not go to the dance alive after all; but I very nearly took him dead.

"It may be trite and common-place, though fitting, to quote the well-known Wordsworthian couplet that the 'lives of great men all remind us how to make our lives sublime.'"

*Hamilton Advertiser.*

No, no; these Wordsworthian couplets are always fresh to us.

"Lost, Tuesday, between Wallasey-rd., Moseley-avenue, Valkyrie-rd. Finder suitably rewarded."—*Adet. in "Liverpool Echo."*

Oh, the many days we have lost and never hope to have again! (*Sentimental reflection.*)

From a description of the Labrador retriever in *The Gamekeeper*:—

"The tail should be on the short side. It looks better on the end."



# "THE HAPPY ISLAND."

(A Memory, in Two Scenes, of  
Mr. J. B. FAGAN'S play  
at His Majesty's.)

SCENE I.—A Room in Andrew Remington's house. Andrew and his Wife are discovered chatting over their coffee.

Andrew. By the way, dear, if you can spare me a moment, I should just like to tell you about my island.

Clair (bored). Why?

Andrew. Well, dash it, the audience has got to know somehow. Besides, you invested that hundred for me in Aerated Breads so cleverly when I was away that I have decided to consult you in all my business affairs in future.

Clair. Oh, go on.

Andrew. Well, briefly the situation is this. There's a pitch-blende mine in this island, and if I could only get the natives to work it I could make millions. But they won't; they're afraid of it. I tried for eight months to make them, and it was no good. (Coming closer to her.) But, darling, a very strange thing happened to me in those eight months. I don't know if it was something in the air . . . or in the pitch-blende . . . or what, but I found that I loved you. Clair, dear—

Clair. Don't be absurd, Andrew. You must know it's useless.

Andrew (gripping her by the arm). Useless? What do you mean? (His mind working rapidly.) Ha! You love another! I guessed as much. Somebody rang you up from the Bath Club just now—that's always suspicious. Who is he?

Clair (fiercely). Unhand me, Andrew. Our guests may arrive at any moment.

[Enter Derek Arden disguised as Sir HERBERT TREE.]

Derek. Good evening, Mrs. Remington.

Clair (loudly). Be careful! He knows all!

Derek. Ah! (To Andrew) Good evening, Remington. I've just been hearing at the Bath Club—(Andrew starts)—about your trouble with the natives. What you ought to do is to send a really fine figure of a man out there to persuade them that he is a god. Then he could make the men obey him. (Apologetically.) It sounds silly, I know.

Andrew (seizing his opportunity). All right. You go.

Derek (surprised). Me!

Andrew. And I'll give you thirty thousand pounds if you succeed.

Derek (to himself). Thirty thousand! Let me see . . . I owe seventeen and sixpence in fines at the Bath Club . . .

and twenty thousand to my other creditors . . . and five and ninepence to— (Aloud) May I first talk it over with your wife?

Andrew. Do.

[Exit.

Clair (throwing herself in his arms). Derek, darling!

Derek. Did you notice that? He wants to get rid of me. (Thoughtfully) Still thirty thousand is a lot of money.

Clair. How can you leave me, if you love me? Take me away with you.

Derek. My dear, I don't think you realise what a bad man I am. My reputation is notorious; I have been kicked out of the Stock Exchange; I am a well-known cheat at cards; I—

Clair. But you're still a member of the Bath Club, dear!



THE RIVAL DEITIES.

Derek (thoughtfully). True. There is that. . . Still, I'm a waster. I should only drag you down.

Clair. Well, anyhow, I shall insist on coming out to you in the Third Act. The public will expect it.

Derek. I think you're right, dear. Till then—good-bye. (They embrace.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—The Island. At the entrance to a cave leading into the mine, an enormous stone idol stands, reminding one faintly of various friends. Derek is discovered with his two companions—Baxter, an engineer, and Hall, an artist.

Derek. I think all is ready now, if you will kindly summon the natives. As soon as they are here, I shall blow the idol up with dynamite and emerge mysteriously from the cave. The illusion will be helped by the fact that the natives have not yet seen me; and they will take me for a god.

Hall. But they've seen Baxter and me for four days, and they'll know that you're just an Englishman like us.

Derek (coldly). You forget that you've been wearing white shirts with your riding breeches, and I'm wearing a blue one. Besides (with dignity) I'm not just like you. (Proudly) I'm an . . . actor-manager.

Baxter. Ye dinna ken, mon—

Hall (in surprise). Are you a Scotsman?

Baxter. Yes . . . when I remember.

[Derek retires into the cave. Enter the natives in costumes calculated not to shock. They seat themselves in a ring before the idol.]

Hall. Ladies and gentlemen, I must request your kind attention for the performance, which is now about to begin. I don't suppose you can understand a word I'm saying, but no matter. We are about to present to you a new god. At the word "go!" your idol will fall down and a gentleman in a blue shirt will appear in its place. Kindly worship him. Is the dynamite ready, Baxter? . . . Go!

[There is a loud explosion. The idol falls down, and Sir HERBERT TREE appears at the mouth of the cave.]

Natives (much moved, but mistaking his identity). Waller, waller, waller, waller, waller. Wow-wow. Waller, waller.

Hall. No, you idiots, it's TREE!

Derek (holding out his hands to them). Be not afraid! I am the greatest of actor-mana—I mean, I am a great god. (Going up to one of the natives) See, you cannot kill me. Take your spear and try.

Nar. ce (doubtfully). I don't want to ruin the play, Sir HERBERT.

Derek (amused). You fool, this is hypnotism. (To the other natives) See, he cannot hurt me. I am your father and mother and brother and uncle and second cousin by marriage. Worship me.

Natives. Waller-waller. Wow-wow. Burra-burra.

They worship him for six months.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hall (to Baxter six months later). Well, how are things going on?

Baxter. They adore him. They do whatever he tells them. They work in the mine or listen to his Pleasant Afternoon Chats with equal willingness.

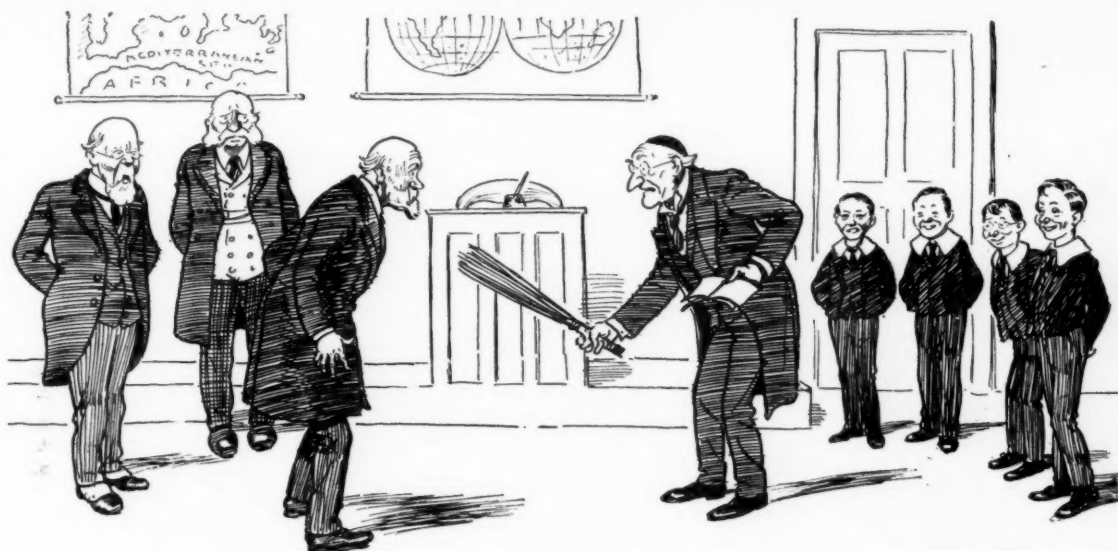
Hall (appalled). Do they have to do both? I mean . . . there ought to be a choice.

Baxter. The mine is verra, verra dead. Nobody would work in it if he had a choice.

Hall. Ah, you haven't heard one of his talks. Listen!

Derek (to natives.) I will now tell





GEO. M.

"President POINCARÉ has promised to take part this month in a delightful ceremony at the old school at Bar-le-Duc. All the members still living who formed in 1876 the Classe de Rhétorique are to meet in the same class-room . . . and reconstitute for an hour the scene of thirty-seven years ago."

Mr. A. H. GILKES, M.A., Headmaster of Dulwich College, in an interview said, "As to the possibility of President POINCARÉ's example being followed in England . . . I think that it would stimulate them in every kind of way; and certainly it would delight the boys."—*Daily Paper*.

you about death. Death is only sleep. The morning comes after the night. Twice two is—(rising to his full height and putting his hand on his breast) fer-hore. My children, I am a great prophet. Isaiah and I do say things. Life, my children, is not death . . . and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday. *Ne plus ultra*.

*Barter (clinging obstinately to his point)*. But the mine is very deadly too!

*Natives*. Wow-wow. Burra-burra. Great god.

*Derek (to Hall)*. What shall I do now? Shall I say some funny things about this picture of yours, and make the pit laugh; or shall I plunge into the mine to rescue a suffocated native and make the gallery clap? I feel I ought to do something. (*Decides to do both*.) Er—which way up is your picture?

*Hall (remembering just in time that Derek saved his life in South Africa)*. Ha-ha!

*Derek*. An explosion—splendid! And now I can rescue somebody. (*He dashes into mine and returns with dying native*.)

*Enter Clair in evening dress*.

*Clair*. My hero!

*Derek (astonished)*. Clair! This surprises even me, and (*proudly*) I have had a good deal of experience of the stage.

*Clair*. It's quite simple, dear. I

came out with my husband in a cruiser. I don't know why he let me come, but we've just arrived. And I put on my thin satin shoes with the high heels, and climbed up through the forest to where I saw your beacon light. Haven't I kept my shoes clean?

*Enter Andrew Remmington*.

*Andrew*. Ah, so you've succeeded in working the mine, I hear?

*Derek*. Remmington, that mine shall never work. It is a deadly place. Close it down.

*Andrew*. Certainly not!

*Derek (nobly)*. Then you can keep your thirty thousand pounds . . . and—er—my creditors can keep their I.O.U.'s. The natives trust me, and I shall lead them in revolt against you. They trust me, and I shall not send them to their death in your mine.

*Andrew (annoyed)*. In that case I shall ask the cruiser to train some guns on you.

[*The guns are heard. Enter naval officers and bluejackets. A brisk fight with the natives takes place, first one side and then the other (and then Clair) gaining a strategic position in front of the audience.*]

*Derek (to the audience as he whizzes across the stage)*. If I am killed, tell Clair that I still love her.

[*The native death-song is heard, and Derek Arden's body is brought in. Captain Bainbrig (sadly)*. Alas, poor

Derek! I know him well . . . at the Bath Club. (*Cheerily*) Well, what about getting home now?

*The Audience (rising)*. Good!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

#### IF FLOWERS HAD GHOSTS.

If flowers had ghosts, that thin perfume Of buds long picked should haunt your room—

Your room that dreams in ancient way,

Where beaux have knelt with Spring's bouquet

For belles in silk of Jacquard's loom;

When wintry fields are bare of bloom They'd come a-tremble from the tomb; You'd love them when the skies were gray.

If flowers had ghosts!

So now, when April fires the broom And cowslips clamber up the coomb, You would not—this I greatly pray— Forget the friends of yesterday, Who spoke of her in days of gloom, If flowers had ghosts?

"Jingling Bells, which arrest attention and bring on popularity, 1/-."

*Advt. in "The Gleaner."*

The great thing is to get a good start before the popularity actually arrives.

## ON THE BEAUTY OF HAVING TWO DENTISTS.

I USED to employ them alternately, with the strictest impartiality. I may say that I have never had the slightest preference for one over the other. Admittedly, A. has a much better selection of magazines in his waiting-room, and I also prefer his conversation, which is remarkably intelligent. But B. fully compensates for that by the excellence of the view from the window opposite his chair, and, besides, he takes two daily papers. I first gave up the alternative method when B. came to grief over a golden crown which he jammed on to one of my back teeth, driving it home with a hammer at considerable personal inconvenience to me. When it came off at the end of three weeks, I should, of course, have gone back to B. It was his crown, and it was his business to see it through. But I was annoyed about it, and I went to A. It appeared that he had a very poor opinion of gold crowns. After that I introduced a method of recognising merit, which seemed to me perfectly fair to both of them. On the whole I may say that it has worked well. Whenever either of them can put me right for a clear run without toothache for six months or more—I have abominable teeth—I go back to him on the next occasion. But if the run is less than six months I go to the other. You will observe that the scoring is rather after the style of that adopted at Racquets or Fives. You are "in" just as long as you can keep on making points.

A. and B. are of course quite unknown to each other. I maintain the strictest reticence with each of them as to my dental adventures with his colleague. Even in the case of the crown I offered no explanation as to how it had got there. But I always like to observe the eager way in which they begin by making a hasty survey of my mouth to see what has happened there since they last inspected it. And I always imagine them—amiable as they both are in temperament—to be wondering why it is that in the intervals between my visits I allow some incompetent bungler to interfere. Perhaps one or other would protest, but then of course they don't know who it is. It might be the greatest swell in the trade—I mean to say one of the leading specialists.

The upshot is that my teeth are well looked after. Ignorant as the two rivals are of the precise method of scoring, they are both jolly keen to score. They hunt out every vestige of decay in my mouth and pounce upon

the slightest discrepancy. And if one of them can find a hole that has been missed by the other, he simply gloats. I sometimes fear that this healthy competition may be carried too far. I mean to say that there is a danger that they will begin stopping sound teeth as a precautionary measure, for fear the other fellow will get hold of them. I don't want to accuse either of them of being mercenary, but you see I am a sort of little gold-mine to any dentist.

And then I like to observe their little differences in style and temperament. A. is eminently dashing and vigorous and scores rapidly all round the mouth. He likes to have three or four teeth in hand at the same time, covering up one while he visits another. He is never sure about B.'s stoppings. He doesn't think them durable. He sometimes puts in some punishing work with the drill, but he always makes a point of giving you due notice before he hurts you. B. hurts you first and then apologises; he hasn't the same pluck. He is afraid that if he gives you any warning you will get out of hand. He is a very sympathetic, cautious, plodding sort of fellow, and he is never sure about A.'s stoppings; he doesn't think them durable. If he has a fault it is that he is altogether too fond of that beastly little wire, like a pipe-cleaner, with which he prods for hidden nerves.

It depends partly on one's mood. There are days when I can thoroughly enter into the bustle and exhilaration of A.'s impetuous attack; there are days when I would rather entrust myself to the soothing hand of B.

The score is 5 all at present and the game is 7 up.

## From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"Bioscope is a wonderful machine. Light in it in the night and wind up the machine it will present a living scene, a terrible fight in the field the soldiers are fighting with lance spear and sword. The horses are running with the speed of a lightning, some are grooving for their lives so for about battle. This is not all; Want you to eye pursuit of deer and other ferocious beasts in a chase, sweeping over the bosom of an undulating river."

We shall be delighted.

From the programme of the Wycombe Electroscope:—

"Shakespeare's Great Play—The Three Musketeers."

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE has gone to High Wycombe to investigate.

"Bootmaker wanted, to make Boots."  
Advt. in "Penrith Observer."

And not to feed the goldfish.

## THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

THREE stars shone out with a baleful glare,  
Scarlet and green and blue,  
And a medley of perfumes smote the air,  
Lavender, musk and rue.

And the chemist shook, for a nameless fright  
Harried his evening walk,  
And his face grew pale in the ghostly light,  
Like camphorated chalk.

He was sick to death, he was sore afraid,  
For he knew from his sense of smell  
That he'd come to the dread phenacetin glade

Where the Hæmogoblins dwell.

Swift and light as the wind-blown chaff  
They crowded the path he trod,  
With a shriek of joy and a ghoulish laugh  
That cracked like a senna pod.

He heard the patter of elfin shoes,  
As he fled in that breathless sprint,  
And he felt the grip of a deft-flung noose  
Of salicylic lint.

They have trussed him tight with borie gauze  
To a eucalyptus tree,  
With a loofah gag betwixt his jaws  
And a bandage round his knee.

Cold ran his blood as a toilet cream,  
And the sweat like a perfume spray,  
When he saw the glyceo-phosphates gleam  
And the trail of powders grey.

And he thought with grief of the life he'd led,  
Of his homœopathic pills,  
Of the times he had stolen a doctor's bread  
Prescribing for coughs and chills;

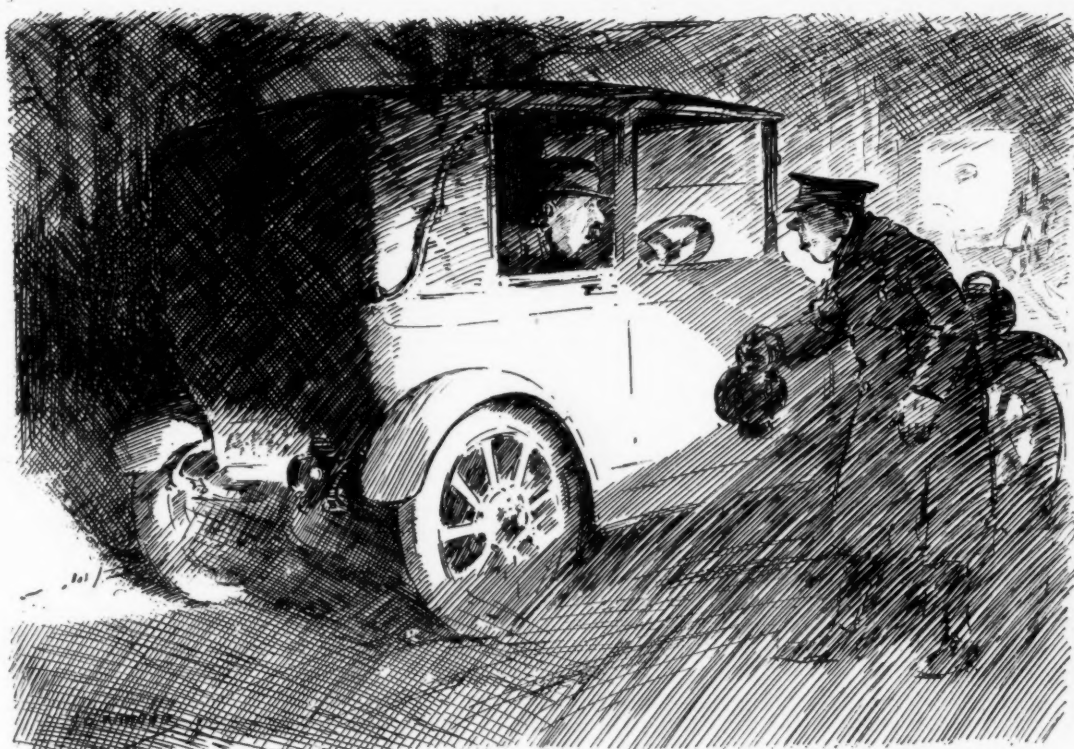
Of the poor little babes who tossed and turned  
In their eagerness to toothe,  
Diminutive mites who yowled and yearned  
For syrups that really soothe.

And he groaned as he thought of the stout and spare  
Who'd sampled his make-shift stuff,  
Of the bald old colonels who hoped for hair  
On the strength of a printed puff.

Then away to covert the goblins race,  
But the chief of the pygmy band  
Draws near with a smile on his wizened face  
And a nightlight in his hand.

The fuse is fired, the flamelets start  
On their journey of spark and smoke—  
When just at the really crucial part  
The chemist suddenly woke.

J. M. S.



*Impatient Owner of Broken-down Car.* "WHERE THE MISCHIEF ARE YOU GOING NOW WITH THAT LAMP?"  
*Lately Converted Groom-Chauffeur.* "WELL, SIR, THAT SHOVEL AS WAS 'ERE JUST NOW TOLD ME AS 'OW I'D LOST MY COMPRES-  
 SION, AND I WAS JUST GOING BACK TO SEE IF I COULD FIND IT ALONG THE ROAD."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL is the Red Queen. Never have I been hurried along in such amazing fashion as I was by the author of *The Amateur Gentleman* (SAMPSON LOW), who, taking me with one hand, and *Barnabas Rarty* with the other, showed how the son of *John Rarty* (ex-champion of England and landlord of "The Coursing Hound") came in for a legacy of seven hundred thousand pounds, went forth from his home and, confuting his father's prophecy, became not the least of the Regency bucks. Egad, Sirs! but we went the pace. Foiled villains, now aristocrats, now cut-purses, fell away behind us like hoof-spurned mud; romantic assignations, rescues of the fair, we took in our easy stride; Bow Street runners shouted helplessly in our wake; we dived, we steeplechased, we duelled, for all but six hundred pages without a pause for a lemon or a sponge. And, oh, the brave spirit and the air of it all. Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL flicks aside probability with an elegant handkerchief; he takes a coincidence as easily as a pinch of snuff. He arranges to restore a long-lost daughter or frustrate a murder between two mouthfuls of a mighty round of beef. Well, well. And if we didn't see *Barnabas Rarty* walking arm-in-arm with the First Gentleman in Europe at the end, we married him at least to the fairest lady in England, and what more do you want than that? But I can tell you I was devilish out of breath before it was done.

In *The Combined Maze* (HUTCHINSON) Miss MAY SINCLAIR has given us a story of sombre and relentless realism,

set in the unpromising scenery of Wandsworth and of Southfields, that "Paradise of Little Clerks." That the lower middle classes may furnish as good a theme as you can want for high romance she abundantly proved in *The Divine Fire*; but here she rejects all beauty of imagination, except in the character of one girl, a sort of serious *Wendy*, who mothers the young man of the book. This hero, a shining light of the Polytechnic Gymnasium, belongs to a type hitherto, as far as I know, unexplored. A keen and clean-hearted enthusiast for physical culture, with definite ideals of "decency" and a profound contempt for all forms of "flabbiness," he is the last person you would expect to fall under the fascination of a merely erotic woman. Yet he commits this error; and, foreseeing the possible result (as they never do in books or on the stage), he insists, against her will, in trying to repair his mistake by marriage. In the end his very virtue, assisted by the worst of luck, is his undoing.

I am so familiar with Miss SINCLAIR's power of projecting herself, by sheer force of imagination, into circumstances of which she cannot have had any personal knowledge that I was quite prepared for her to give me a very probable account of the sort of event in which I am certain that she never took an active part—namely, a hurdle-race. But for once her creative gift was at fault. I can assure her, from experience, that in such competitions a runner's attention is too closely fixed upon his immediate purpose to be distracted by the waving of any woman's handkerchief. Perhaps she will also accept my authority for the statement that there is no tram-line that goes to Putney Heath. But these are very small trifles; and for all that



matters Miss SINCLAIR has a deadly sureness of touch. One defect, however, she retains. In her passionate anxiety to be masculine at all costs, she is apt to overlook the best feature of the male mind—its regard for reticence.

The house-party that *Arnold Calthrop* assembled at Monkshill must have been a singularly unpleasant one for everybody, but more especially for *Madeline Neumarch*. The position was that *Arnold* and his wife *Lily* detested each other, but, in order that sufficient show of respectability might be kept up to allow of his inclusion in a Radical Cabinet, they had agreed to join forces for this entertainment. Now *Lily*, who, besides being a fool, drank heavily, had taken a violent fancy to *Madeline* and insists that the latter's presence was the only thing that would keep her responsible during the week. The trouble was that *Madeline*, as nice a woman as need be, had already fallen violently in love with *Calthrop* and he with her. So there you are! What should *M.* do? I may add that the situation occurs in *The Right Honourable Gentleman* (CONSTABLE), to which Mr. W. E. NORRIS has brought all the facility and lightness of touch that have so long endeared him to an enormous public. So you can rest assured that the Monkshill shoot is excellent fun for the reader; but as a participant—no, I should have had a telegram on the first morning! What came of it all I won't reveal; the interest is so well kept up by a sufficiency of unexpected incidents that I should be spoiling your pleasure. There is at least one character, *Calthrop* himself, the ex-Conservative who became a Radical-Socialist, that seems worthy of a bigger setting: but Mr. NORRIS has chosen to make only a sketch of him. This he has done very well; while the attitude of his country neighbours towards the "traitor" is wholly realistic.

Considering that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE's latest book is almost wholly concerned with Miss FANNY BURNEY's *Evelina*, he is perhaps justified in calling it *Fanny's First Novel* (HUTCHINSON). I assume, of course, that Mr. BERNARD SHAW, as a matter of courtesy, was invited to attend the christening. I have so often praised Mr. MOORE's books that I feel licensed to make a complaint about this one. Why then, in the name of an admirer of Miss BURNEY, does he represent her brother as a mere buffoon? Poor JAMES, with his "nautical" wink and clap-trap, is nothing more nor less than a figure of fun, and of very insipid fun at that. In telling the story of the production of *Evelina* Mr. MOORE succeeds in conveying the excitement of a first creation, but for the rest he is little more successful in his attempt to make fact into fiction than most novelists are in trying to make fiction read as if it were fact. I like him best when he is not dealing with the "delightful circle which includes such interesting personages as Mrs. Thrane, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick," etc.; but that does not prevent me from advising those who are inquisitive about Miss BURNEY to read this novel—always provided that they have never had the curiosity to read Miss BURNEY herself.

Mr. E. F. BENSON keeps us learned clerks very busy, but, as far as I at any rate am concerned, he is welcome. He has an almost uncanny and certainly delightful insight into people's mental insides and, except that he can never deny himself an aristocratic lineage or two, he deals in those commonplace souls with which for the most part we have to live and which we want to understand. There are plenty of them in *The Weaker Vessel* (HEINEMANN), and there is also a very disturbing element in the less usual *Harry Whittaker*, the brilliant dramatist. Meteoric success in any line is an easy and frequent affair in novels, but in his case it is amply justified and compensated; his greatness is not thrust upon him but is part of his nature, his weak and vicious self. The unswerving affection of his wife, a virtue admirable in life but dullish to contemplate in the ordinary way, is made remarkable here by her intimate knowledge of his failings, his love of the bottle and the other woman in particular. *Eleanor* is as startling, yet credible, as *Harry* up to a point; it is only when she takes to the stage and leaps into immediate and remunerative popularity herself that one begins to have one's doubts of her. This she should never have done or been allowed to do; it interferes with one's enjoyment of Mr. BENSON's deft analysis of a gifted author's exterior and interior circumstances, a thing which everyone who has ever set pen to paper (and who has not, nowadays?) will thoroughly appreciate. There are, I reckon, about 132,650 words in the book, but only one of them I am inclined to criticise. *Marian Anstruther*, wicked, wicked woman though she was, had no business, even when confronted with her wickedness, to bow "steelily." Except for that one lapse, she was a splendid figure and by far the most real of



TURKEY (JUST) IN EUROPE.

the theatrical celebrities who intervened. Even in cold print she fascinated me dangerously.

#### A Good Offer.

"An educated and well-accomplished girl wanted for a boy aged 26, whose wife has recently died with Pneumonia. The boy is 2½ ghar Kapur, strong, stout and beautiful."

Advt. in "*Lahore Tribune*."

We thought for a moment that "ghar Kapur" meant "round the waist," but obviously it doesn't.

From the Easter Signalling Notes issued to Territorials of the London Division:—

"Smoking is allowed as long as it does not interfere with the work, but when the D.S.O. or any senior officers approach the station it would be as well if they were removed for the time being."

We hope somebody will ask a question about this direct incitement to mutiny.

"This is the reason why Montenegro, while allowing the Archbishop of Prizrend to inquire about the alleged murder of a Catholic priest near Ipek, has objected to an Austrian Consul being despatched with him."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We suspect that the chief objection to his being despatched with the Catholic priest came from the Austrian Consul.